KING, LIBERTY, LAWS.

To the Tune of—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

YE BRITONS ſo brave, ſo bold, and ſo free,
Come lend your Attention, and liſten to me,
I'll ſhew you moſt clearly the plots that are led,
To ſteal all your Comforts—your bleſſings invade;
But to join the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS,
Ye always are ready,
And ſteady, Boys, ſteady,
To defend our OLD ENGLAND, huzza, Boys, huzza!

The French moſt perfidious we ever have found,
OLD ENGLAND they hate, and would fain pull her down,
Our Glory they envy—our Happineſs too,
And would change *our old Gold* for *their Tinſel* ſo new;
But we'll ſhew in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS,
We always are ſteady,
And ready, Boys, ready,
To defend our OLD ENGLAND, huzza, Boys, huzza!

Afraid that the *Lion of England* ſhould 'wake,
They try to ſteal *that*, they *dare* not to take,
They pay wicked men to ſeduce you with Lies,
And to rob you ſecurely, throw Duſt in your Eyes!
But they'll find in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS, &c.

No Religion or Laws the vile Jacobins own,
Their GOD they deny, and their KING they dethrone;
To gain their own Ends the poor People they cheat,
Then leave them, too, not a Morſel to eat!
Then let us in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS,
Be ever moſt ready, &c.

Their Trade is all gone—there is none now to buy,
The RICH are *all baniſh'd*—the POOR *left to die!*
No Corn in their Markets—*No Coin* in their States;
No Ships in their Ports—*No Faith* in their Gates;
But they'll find in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS,
We always are ſteady, &c.

But look, ye bold BRITONS, around you and ſee,
The Contraſt how great—YE ARE HAPPY AND FREE:
Here PEACE ſpreads her Olive, and PLENTY her Store,
And JUSTICE alike guards the RICH and the POOR:
Then ſhew in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS,
Ye always are ready, &c.

Our Commerce is great—Manufact'rers well paid,
The World is our Mart, ſo extenſive our Trade;
All, all have Employment—the *idle* alone
Have Cauſe of Complaint—but *the Fault is their own.*
Then firm in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS, &c.

OUR NOBLES for LIBERTY freely will bleed,
Since they planted her firſt in the fam'd Runnymede;
MOST SACRED OUR GENTRY her Boughs will ſuſtain,
From the Blows of vile FRANCE, or their Engine *Tom Paine.*
Then firm in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, Laws, &c.

OUR SOLDIERS are loyal, brave, honeſt, and true,
And our SAILORS unmatch'd, ſhould you ſearch the World through;
The POOR, when induſtrious, have Plenty and Eaſe,
And Charity ſhelters Old Age and Diſeaſe.
Then firm in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS, &c.

GREAT GEORGE is our Father, Protector, and Friend,
And firmly our Rights and his own will defend;
Then uniting our Hearts and our Voices we'll ſing,
And pray for *long Life and long Reign to our* KING:
And ſtaunch in the Cauſe
Of KING, LIBERTY, LAWS,
Be ever moſt ſteady,
And ready, Boys, ready,
To defend poor OLD ENGLAND, huzza, boys, huzza!